

THE MONSTER

12:01 a.m., December 26.

Over at last, season of nonspecific urethritis,
Valium by a roaring fire and attacks of the heart.

Tonight I went to the movies. Seven other people and I
saw "Beast of the Suburbs." It was all about this

scientist
whose wife divorced him. Trying to win her back he mixed
electric drinks in his secret laboratory. One of these
concoctions, not an entire success, covered him with hair
from head to toe and gave him an appetite for motorists.

In the end the solid citizens got him, of course,
and the wife
stood there with her right as rain beau saying that it was
horrible but now Suzie could grow up like a normal child.

It was late when I got home. "Miracle On 34th St." was on
every channel and the radio was clogged with calling birds
and leaping lords, tah-rum-bah-bum-bum.

My wife called, too, said she'd been calling all night.
Where
had I been? Didn't I know it was Christmas? Didn't I
know our daughter would die without a Barbie? I told
her the store was out of Barbies and I had to take what
they had: Tommy The Tumescant Tot.

After that I let the cat in and we had a drink and shot
the shit for awhile.

I always let the cat in before I start drinking seriously
because you're in trouble, I understand, if you drink
alone.